

Coda: Ben and Beverly by PearlQ19

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Summary: This is a tiny piece I wrote after watching the second movie. Although it was inspired by the movie, it is still bookverse, so do not let that confuse you. Bittersweet and a bit cheesy, but hopefully not too much so. Enjoy!

Coda: Ben and Beverly

IT: Ben and Bev – Coda

A/N: I wrote this after I watched "IT: Chapter Two," but it is still book-based (except for the fact this takes place on a boat, which was never specified in the book), so if you're confused by the ending to this piece, remember that the movie toned it down somewhat. What inspired me, however, was the room that the writers allowed the relationship between Ben and Beverly and the wonderful chemistry between both the child and the adult actors. Consider this a cheesy third epilogue if you will.

Disclaimer: Forever my favorite book but never mine.

Beverly leaned back against the cool back of the bench and turned her face towards into the sun. The summer heat had passed, but Indian summer was in full swing and the air was still pleasantly warm. The water sparkled in the morning sun.

She half turned her head as Ben emerged from the interior of the boat carrying two mugs of steaming coffee. Handing one to her, he sat down beside her, turning sideways to allow her to scoot up against him and settle comfortable against his chest. One arm immediately went around her and he kissed the top of her head before he too settled back to enjoy the morning.

Beverly cradled her coffee mug with both hands as she rested her head against Ben's chest, feeling his heart beat rapidly under her cheek. *I'm doing that*, she thought happily. *I'm still making his heart beat faster*. It never ceased to amaze her to feel so loved, even though she rarely thought about how they had met in the first place, or how they had fallen in love. She knew that they had known each other as kids, but the memory was fleeting, distant, and she did not dwell on it these days. Neither did Ben. They lived in the present, not in the past.

One thing she did remember, however, was one summer day when she had been on the run from (*Harry? Harvey? Herb?*) the bullies who were always after her and her friends back then. She had managed to reach their underground clubhouse with enough of a head start, had

encountered Ben there, and together they had closed the trapdoor and waited in the dark, terrified that the bullies would somehow find the hidden entrance. She remembered sitting there trembling in the dark with Ben, her arms wrapped firmly around him, and how glad she had been that there was so much of him to hug. His heart had beaten a furious drum roll under her cheek back then, too. She could only imagine how he had felt; back then, she had still had a crush on someone else. And while she was still vaguely wondering who that someone else might have been, she felt the memory slip away from her and fade. A dull ache remained in her heart, then that was gone, too, leaving her wondering why she felt as if she should be mourning something.

But then Beverly felt a surge of love well up in her that almost choked her. Overcome with the sudden emotion, she turned in Ben's arms, brought her face close to his, and kissed him deeply, her eyes closed, her heart hammering away against his. Her hands traveled over his face, through his hair, over his shoulders, and he responded in kind. She poured all that love she felt into the kiss, and still it was as if there was too much of it inside her for just the two of them, as if the love she held was meant for more of him, more of *them*, a surplus remaining from a loss she could no longer grasp. It made her sad and happy at the same time. Perhaps whatever she had lost, whomever this love had originally been for, was somewhere out there with a similar surplus to give, and someone to give it to.

One more time a vague image of a group of children flickered across her mind, but the image slipped away faster than she could hold on to it. But it filled her with a sense of peace and belonging. She was exactly where she was meant to be: with Ben Hanscom and a supply of love to last them a lifetime.